(106) A (1?2)

True CARACTER of the

Bread-ſtreet Tatlers;

Or, a SATYR againſt

IMPUDENCE.

A Perſon that's devoted to his eaſe,
Whoſe Frolick levity, is his Diſeaſe:
Reſides not very far from *Bread-ſtreet Hill*;
Had little Wit, when young, as little ſtill;
He's vers'd in Nonſence well as moſt Men be,
When with the Females none more rude than he;
The Reliques of ſome Antiquated Plays,
Adorns his ſmutty converſe, ſundry ways;
Stuff'd with obſcene, abſurd, vanilioquence,
Equally vain, his Actions and Pretence;
He thinks he ſpeaks to Ladies Superfine,
Who eaſie judge its the effect of Wine;
Trinoctial Banquets doth enflame his Brains,
And then he talks with high pedantick Strains;
He to the youthful Females, oft does Preach,
And wou'd ſalute them too, if he cou'd reach;
But he's too low, except the Ladies pleaſe,
To ſtoop, but that conſiſts not with their eaſe;
So he poor Soul, becauſe impertinent,
Doth retrocede, with empty Compliment.
His Correſpondents as he us'd to be,
Where Fools are ſcarce, there let him paſs for three.
The Butcher's Brat, join alſo with the reſt,
To furniſh out ſome poor Pragmatick Jeſt;
Fortune it ſeems, exalts the Coxcomb ſo,
He looks contemptuouſly on thoſe below.
Each Blockhead can, with Pleaſure redicule,
Senſible Men, tho' he himſelf's a Fool.
Poor dirty *Tom*! I need not much expoſe,
His Geſture ſhews him plain, as doth his Cloaths;
His Male Domeſtick, ought to have his Share,
Who Courts each Cook-Maid for her Locks of Hair;
A ſenſleſs Block-head fond of ev'ry Trull,
Becauſe perhaps ſhe fills his Belly full:
With Entertainments, at her Maſters Coſt;
Which is the Reaſon why he viſits moſt.
One Goſſip comes full ten times in a day,
All to be kiſs'd, and for a little Play,
And tells him when her Rulers are away;
Invites him oft with her attractive Charms,
And him receives with her propudious Arms;
The Bold-face Creature invocates her Spark,
And entertains him kindly in the dark.
Then ſhe's ſupplanted that's a Grief indeed,
But his fond Oppoſite does her ſucceed:
In all her Amours, and invites him o'er,
He's treated kindly as he was before.

Her he enjoys in, as himſelf doth ſay,
A Softer place, and in a ſofter way.
She then reſpectfully attends him home,
And with him tarry'd till the Maid was come;
With a ſuppoſd more impudence than Grace,
Their Actions dark perhaps, as was the Place.
The Maiden Spark does oft his Tatlers call,
Convenes a Councel in the Goſſips Hall;
And if they quarrel in their Diſputation
He then decids it like his Education:
Which was both Ruſtick, Ignorant and Rude,
His Mind much ſubject to viciſſitude;
The moſt accompliſh'd Block-head of the Town,
Who in the Street is bawling like a Clown;
A Dog or Cat can hardly paſs the Door,
But he with Boys and Fools begin to roar;
He thus employs his little ſtrains of Wit,
His grand Accompliſhment is Impudence.
And what is worſt of all, plainly appears,
His Folly ſtill increaſeth with his Years.
The *Obſervator* alſo loves to Prate
Who acts beneath a Man Effemine;
He picks up almoſt every idle Story,
Tells it abroad, which is his greateſt Glory:
His Wife's his common Topic of Diſcourſe,
And if he holds his Tongue it is by Force;
When ſome conſtraint is on his Nonſence laid,
He ſpeaks reſervedly as one afraid.
But this is ſuch a poor Mechanick Tool,
Much like the laſt, worſe than a perfect Fool;
Pity it is he had not kept his Maid,
Who was ſo like him as it's often ſaid;
Chating from Door to Door, a ſaucy Jade.
Of her Misfortunes, the ſurpaſſes all,
She cannot come ſo oft to Goſſips Hall;
As was uſual with the Noiſy Crew,
Whoſe Actions are ſo groſs 'twould make one ſpew;
To ſee the wanton Glances of each Eye,
Caſt on the Fop, as he is ſtanding by.
Theſe things are all ſo obvious to our Sight,
I need not ſet them in a clearer Light:
And if their Boldneſs prompts them to deny it,
I'll aſſert the ſame, and verifie it;
But I ſuppoſe them to be paſt all Shame,
Which ſupercedes what I could further Name.

FINIS.

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